



Gen. John Casement  
... lays UP rails

# Iron Horse Outpaces Indian Ponies

Fourth of a Series

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You are with Jack Casement's crew near Grand Island, Neb., when a group of friendly Indians comes to call on the men who are building the Union Pacific Railroad.

That night, you write the story and wish you could tell it complete with sound and color. Words can't capture the shriek of the locomotive and the rhythm of Indian ponies at full gallop.

You watch as the Indians get their first look at a railroad boarding train. They stare at the huge stocks of

food and are uneasy as they note the stacks of rifles. They eat heaps of bread and meat before turning their full attention to the locomotive.

Their interpreter wants to know, "How fast?"

You tell him, "faster than a pony."

The race is on. The locomotive is uncoupled. The chief is persuaded to get in the cab. The young Indians whoop and holler their ponies into swift action.

The engine puffs itself to a slow start. As steam gathers, the Indian ponies are far in the lead. You are in the cab and have to grab the chief to keep him from leaping out

when the engineer blasts the whistle. The Indian ponies scatter in panic and the race goes to the swift little engine skimming over the new rails.

In 1866, scenes along the new trail of the Union Pacific keep you in top stories for your readers. The railroad has passed its siege of doldrums.

You were in Omaha the day Gen. Grenville M. Dodge walked into his office to take over the reins as new chief engineer of Union Pacific. You wrote about his fantastic regrouping of forces. You were on hand to report the appointments of Sam Reed, superintendent of construc-

tion; Brig. Gen. John Stephen Casement and his brother Daniel, directors of track-laying; H. M. Hoxie, chief freight handler.

You watch as the young engineer organizes in military fashion to combat whatever odds might lie in his way out there in the prairie and the mountains beyond.

You can always depend on Thomas C. Durant, vice president of Union Pacific, to give you flamboyant ink for your pen. After the long heat of the 1866 summer, Durant decided to give a party.

You get yourself invited because to miss one of Durant's

See INDIAN on Page B-3

